Oh Sweet Woods

The Fiery Furnaces

Oh sweet woodsI was in tahoe, on the california side
Waiting in the lobby at 665 1/2 frontage road
When two extra-blond, short-sleeve, button-down
White-shirt, blue-tie, mystery mormons
Came in and put this music on
Came in and took me by the arm
And as they had me marching through the parking lot
And as they were marching through the parking lot
They blew into their shirt-pocket microphones
Like this
And then they drove me to an albertson's outside of boise
And took me into a back room.
And they said they wanted to balance my checkbook
And they said the wanted to organize my receipts
And itemize my expenses
And that i had the key
To a safety deposit box
With treasury bonds and the key
To another safety deposit box
Where i'd stashed away
The only pewter pocket watch
That ever belonged to
Joseph smith's great-great uncle's brother-in-law
And i said you've got the wrong eleanor friedberger.
And then they sang at me like this

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